Theatre Manager Sees That Sophie Karp

All Beer Was Good and Every Woman Beautiful, and the Longest Way Around Was the Shortest Way Home.

There was an impromptu celebration many colleges in the small hours yesrday morning in the rathskeller of the Marlborough Hotel, at Thirty-sixth street and Broadway. No particular reason was apparent for the "game," except that it as Saturday night and dull care's time

o move on had come again. The rathskeller was crowded at 1 o'clock d nearly every one was singing "Bedelia" and "My Navahoe" in unison with the rchestra, and issuing widespread invitations to "Come, Come, Come to Me Under he Anheuser Busch," when the crowd was tartled by the sharp notes of the Princein locomotive: "Ray, ray, ray! siss, siss, iss! boom, boom, boom! ah, ah, ah! Prince-Princeton! Princeton!"

The Princeton boys were cheering for consolves, as is the modest custom of They seemed to be making in earnest effort to surround all the beer in

The Princeton cheer was promptly responded to by the crackling "Brek-kekkek-kex" of Yale from another table, but s there were only four Yale men in the lace they thought it more prudent to end heir cheer in "Princeton! Princeton! Prince-

This cheering courtesy was promptly reciprocated, and every one immediately ought every one else a cheering drink.

The local university never fails to have epresentatives at any such seance, and ey began immediately to spell enthusiastically: "Rah, rah, rah! ray, ray, ray! e'-c-l-u-m-b-1-a!" In fact, their ardor was guirt carbonic on each other from the phons in order to prevent spontaneous ambustion. The three colleges cheered or themselves and each other all at once, d when a lone man got up and cheered Swarthmore they cheered for that, too. and asked what it was.

The waiters made a dash to save the arbonic but the game was rapidly getting the stage where a head waiter becomes merely an object to make merry with. The columbia men piled some chairs on the tables apparently with a vague idea of ome sort of a barricade, but forgot bject with all the fickleness of a

French mob.
Twenty Princeton men at one table, rying that their waiters were becoming overheated by the rapidity with which ever were called upon to serve drinks, assisted them to remove their collars and ties. A Yale man went to the leader of the orchestra and presented him with a dollar to induce him to play a certain tune. When the leader had pocketed the dollar and inquired what tune was wanted, the ale man was unable to remember. More ars and requests for various popular orites followed, and the leader impromised by playing a medley—a new medley—with a representative ich college standing in front and lead-

Then the Princeton men, naturally, gave the band money not to play at all while they sang a few of their college and football songs in memory of the championship won by them last year. This delighted the ladies in large hats and giddy gowns who were still in the rathskeller, and they leave to sing beyan to sing.

and the rest followed, and the women sang Setween the rougher voices of the men. Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.

The college men were not unappreciative, and whenever any member of the fair sex, from a scrubwoman to the most gorgeously ed late reveller there, passed a certain tal ie they all exclaimed as one man:

Oh, what a beautiful woman! The Princeton crowd obligingly helped the Yale men to sing their great football song "Boola," but the Columbia men, who ore extremely damp inside and out, had no home, leaving the dead stub of a cigar mouth of the gnome who holds a card tray at the door as the only memento of their presence. It was long after 3 o'clock when the college men had finished shaking hands with all the waiters and musicians and left the rathskeller. Out on Broadway they locked arms in a long line and marched away, sometimes right oblique, sometimes left oblique; and whither, they knew no more than Socretes when he and Critowas it Criro?—parted.

DOWIE CHANGES HIS PLANS. Will Not Visit India, but Will Go Direct

to Europe From Australia. WAUKEGAN, Ill., April 3.-Fearing that when he arrived in India he would not receive the protection afforded him by he authorities of Australia, John Alexander Dowie has made a change in his itinerary. Instead of spending a long period visiting the Hindoos he has cut it out of his list and will go directly to Europe from Australia. Overseer Speicher this afternoon announced that he had received word from Dowie that the harsh treatment he received in Australia and a look about India by his lieutenant have caused the change in plans. Speicher said that he and Zion were glad Dowie was going to avoid India for his own safety, and because he would be neared home. Dowie seems at last to have obtained rest from his persecutions in Australia by seeking refuge in his summer home, The Hills. The following is the cable despatch, which was read this afternoon: Abeliance, which was read this arternoon.

Abeliance, Australia, April 3.—Repeat the Lioth Psalm. All is well. About 150 converts. Zion is still increasing. Still resting quietly in The Hills. Receiving many visitors daily. Attending to Zion's business. Will probably leave on the Gondolia Thursday. Praise to God. Mizpah. Downe.

THINK IT'S LUCKOW'S BODY. He Was Wanted to Explain the Death of Cornelius Curran.

The body of a drowned man supposed to be Herman Luckow, formerly a hotelkeeper on Barren Island, was found yesterday afternoon at Rockaway Point. It was removed to Trudden's morgue by order of Coroner Nutt.

Nothing was found that would identify the body, but it corresponds so closely to the description of Luckow that the police

Mrs. Luckow was found in Manhattan Saturday. An alarm was sent out for her, as well as for her husband, on Thursday as well as for her husband, on Thursday afternoon by order of Coroner Ruoff of Queens county. Both were wanted to clear up the cause of death of Cornelius Curran, whose body was found in Jamaica Bay at Broad Channel in February last.

Curran and Luckow, on Nov. 15 last, were returning from Rockaway Beach o Barren Island in a rowboat. Neither boat nor men were seen afterward until Curran's body was found.

A BARTENDERS CLUB.

Clubhouse Rented in Newark for \$900 -270 Members Now.

Newark's local union of bartenders is to have a fine clubhouse in a fashionable neighborhood of that city. The members have secured a five-year lease upon the double four story house at 449 High street. adjoining St. Paul's Episcopal Church, with

the privilege of purchasing the property at the expiration of the term. regarded as a great bargain. The union is an independent one and has 270 members with a list of fifty applicants, and it is ex-pected that the total strength will be 400

The work of fitting up the clubhouse will begin this week, and it is expected to be ready for occupation in three weeks. One of the features will be a fine library of books

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

A fat woman, with glasses on her officiou nose, bustled about the corridor of one of the uptown hotels yesterday afternoon She conferred with the clerk and talked long and earnestly with the telegraph operator Then, after she had lingered at the newsstand, talked with the telephone operator and inquired for her letters she went again to the desk.

"Remember, not a word to the reporters. she said. "And I'm not going to register."
Then she followed the bellboy, who was

showing her to her room.

All the loungers in the office had watched the woman's excited progress about the place. One of them asked the clerk who she was. Having heard her remark about the reporters he thought she must be a celabrite.

"She's a dressmaker from up the State, answered the clerk with great disgust "She comes down here two or three times a year, and always goes through this same parade for the benefit of the office. Then, after a day or two, she goes home without having had a soul inquire for her. We always humor her and promise to protect her from publicity. She enjoys it and it does us no harm."

Although fewer flowers than usual were sold this year, the florists were again put to it to devise means to deliver those ordered on Saturday and Sunday. Until late yesterday afternoon, messengers and delivery wagons were still visible along Fifth avenue.

There was again the usual spectacle of men delivering the blossoms in landaus and cabs, and the highly spectacular delivery wagons of the most expensive of the flower shops rolled majestically along the avenue. All of these equipages, as well as the single messengers were loaded with plants. Cut flowers seem to have lost all

vogue as Easter presents.
The liveried drivers of the glass temples. The liveried drivers of the glass temples, either dragged by horses or moved autowise, had an unexpected shock yesterday morning. By far the most striking of all the delivery wagons bore in large gold letters on its plate glass sides the name of a Third avenue department store. Its floral display and its general get-up compared favorably with the turnout of the fashionable florists. The drivers as well as the public seemed to be more interested the public seemed to be more interested in this usual sight than in any other feature of the flower delivery.

Mme. Janauschek's final consent to take a place in the Actors' Home, where she should have been for the last five years, is said to be due to her bitter disappoint ment over the prices realized when her possessions were sold at auction last winter for such small sums. She had always reyears had devoted herself to keeping them in good condition, as the articles showed m good condition, as the articles showed when they were put on exhibition. They had little value for the present generation, however, and those sold for high prices were bought only for their historic value as souvenirs of the great actress.

So great was her disappointment that Mine. Jarausele even to refer to the sale.

bring herself even to refer to the sale When she finally realized that she no longer had the fortune she had always supposed they represented, she consented to go to the home on Staten Island. There she will in all probability end her days in greater comfort than she has known in pages.

New York has few saloons that have been n existence for more than sixty years. On one of the Third avenue corners below Thirty-fourth street is an establishment which has been used as a barreem con-tinuously since 1840. The same signs hang over the door to-day that were put up when it was cistomary to call such places and the saloon goes still by that title officially. The corner building in which it stands sunchanged. It is a two story brick strict ure of a directness and simplicity of archi-tecture equal to the pictures drawn by children on slates. It is not probable that my of the vintages now served there cate from the time the place was opened. They are supplied from the usual sources that provide for the corner saloons. But there are plenty of signs of the antiquity of the establishment in its gloomy interior.

A curious religious ceremony, even for this cosmopolitan city, marked Maundy Thursday in a German church on the lower East Side. In this church, which is attended almost entirely by foreigners, the elevation of the Host at the mass on that day is accompanied by the discharge of a cannon in front of the church. This is made possi-ble without danger by the presence of many militiamen in uniform who happen to be members of the church. For many years the ceremonies of Maundy Thursday have been celebrated in this fashion, although knowledge of the custom had rarely extended to persons outside of the parish and the immediate neighborhood in which t is kept up.

Among the unsung and unhonored heroes of Easter day are the overworked ushers, especially those in the big fashionable churches to which the great armies of the curious go for their single religious service of the year. If these ushers are lucky they have one seat for every ten applicants. They must handle the other nine in such a way that they will keep good natured and not lose what little of the Easter spirit may enter into their motive for trying to go to church. Most of the ushers succeed.

A young man who started in yesterday to lay the foundations of his fortune, and perhaps of a racing stable, by blacking boots in a Fifth avenue hotel lost his job after the first shine. He meant well, but ruined one silk hat.

His first customer was a young mar who believed that the day was one for his best clothes and lived up to his conviction. He dropped into the bootblack's chair just to have a finishing touch put on a pair of patent leathers that already glis-

The new boy did his best by the shoes and then he did his worst. He grabbed the young man's silk hat and went at it with a coarse whisk broom. To complete the job he made two sweeps the wrong

The owner of the hat shot the toe of his polished shoe straight and true against the anatomy of the boy. The boss did the same thing. The boy, without stopping to ask what he was getting kicked for, fled. He'll have to start anew elsewhere.

The motorman on a Madison avenue car kept getting the bell signal to stop the other day, although nobody wanted to get on or off. This happened so often that the car made slow progress. The conductor, who hadn't rung the bell, was angry with the

hadn't rung the bell, was angry with the motorman, the motorman was angrier still, and the passengers began to growl. Finally an observant passenger discovered what the trouble was and told a woman that if she would move along the car would go faster. Then he explained why.

In the woman's hat trimming was a feather with a long quill which stuck out three or four inches in the back. As she talked with her companion she bobbed her head back and forth for the sake of emphasis. And as she did the end of that quill kept punching one of the electric buttons placed between the window casings so that passengers themselves may ring for the car passengers themselves may ring for the car to stop when the conductor isn't looking. The woman looked foolish as she changed

Ctreus Push and Pull Tests.

The corrected record of the strength tests of various animals, which were made at the circus on March 27, was completed yesterday, and shows some interesting pulled on a rope with a leader to direct their efforts they pulled 79 per cent. more than without a leader. The per cent. of gain on a short pull over a long pull with six horses was 54.3. The old elephant, Babe, was able to pull 56.3 per cent. more than she could push.

ANGER'S LONG DISTANCE JOKE

GLOISTEIN SAYS GOOD-BY, FOR-GETTING IT WAS APRIL 1.

Then the Kind Hearted Anger, Bound for Alaska, Went to the Grand Union Hotel and Called Up From All Over the State-Got a Load of Supplies, Too.

Gus Anger, the retired baker, who is interested with the Hon. Tim Campbell and others in a mining venture in Alaska, has announced that he will start in a few weeks for Tin City, where the mines are located

Anger's friends, including August J Gloistein, planned to give him a send-off when he went away. On Friday, which happened to be April 1. Anger went into Gloistein's hotel with a big valise, which did not appear to be overcrowded.

"Well, I am off to Alaska," said Anger.

"Vat. to-day?" asked Gloistein. "Yes," said Anger. "I got special orders." "Too bad," said Gloistein. "You know dat ve vill gif you a send-off. Vat time does der train go?"

"Oh, about four hours," said Anger. "Goot, goot," shouted Gloistein. dime to gif you der lasdt farewell. Maype, Gus, you neffer gome back. You mighdt pe frizen. You haf been mine friendt und I doan forged you. You vill need some

schnapps und eigars in dot coundry. Gloistein then produced a dozen bottles of wet goods warranted to keep off chills and several boxes of cigars. Then Gloistein telephoned around to his friends and told

them to be at the Grand Central Station before 6 o'clock that night.

Anger got a noisy send-off. Bismarck Roskow appeared with a German band of five pieces, and about twenty members of a German singing society added to the or a German singing society added to the programme. There were a dozen saloon-keepers in the crowd and they deluged Anger with supplies.

When the train pulled out the crowd sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and Anger stood on the rear platform bowing.

Anger got off the train at 125th street and went to his home in Harlem. On Saturday

went to his home in Harlem. On Saturday morning he went to the Grand Union Hotel and telephoned to Gloistein, whose hotel is only three blocks away.

"Hello, Gus," said Anger. "I am in Albany. Stayed over night. I was so lonesome that I thought I would call you I am going by easy stages. How are a feeling?"
Vat thinkfulness from you!" replied Gloistein. "Good luck und I am all righ

Anger called up Gloistein from the same place late that night.

"Hullo, Gus." he said. "I am now in Rochester. Oh, Gus, I am so lonesome without you. I just called up to see how you are feeling. I am so grateful for your supplies. I treated the Mayor of the town and several officials with your booze and and several officials with your booze and they all declared that they never took anything like it before and probably would

anything like it before and probably would not again."

"Vat a comblimend!" said Gloistein.

"Ven vill I hear from you again?"

"At Niagara Falls." replied Anger.
Gloistein was called to the telephone again yesterday afternoon and Anger informed him that he had reached Niagara

Falls.
"Ven you delephone again?" asked Gloi-"I will telephone you all along the line." replied Anger.
"Vat does id cosd you?"

"Never mind the cost," said Anger.
"When I get to Alaska I will telephone you from there. The rates are about a hundred dollars a minute, and what do we care for

collars a minute, and what do we care for expense when we can dig money out of the ground."

"Just think." said Gloistein, turning to the crowd in the hotel, "vat a goodt friendt Anger iss to me. He chust delephoned me from Niagra Valls. Dot cosd him fife tollars." While Gloistein was sounding Anger's praises Anger walked in through the front

"A ghost, a ghost!" shouted Gloistein dropping a jug and starting for a rear room. Anger grabbed Gloistein and convinced him that he was flesh and blood. He explained to Gloistein that it was all a

joke.

"Ach, id vass a choke," said Gloistein.

"Id iss seldom anypody blays a choke mit
rne. I am too fly, but dis iss von on me.
Haf sometings, efferypody."

BANDITS RAID MORMON COLONY. Pursued to Their Cave, Where Large

Quantity of Silver Bars Is Found. EL Paso, Tex., April 3.-William Hemphill, a prospector, who has just returned from Lower Chilhuahua, Mexico, reports that the Mormon colony of Don Felipe de Sierra Madra was thrown into a state of great excitement a few days ago by a raid of the outlaw, Juan Colorado, who was believed to have been killed by rurales last autumn. Colorado, with ten members of his band, looted several ranches near the village and among other spoils carried off three Mormon

women who were found unprotected. The robbers rode off toward the mountain fastnesses and were followed some hours later by a posse of heavily armed Mormons and rurales. They followed the trail through the canons for thirty-six hours and finally located the stronghold of the bandits in one of the wildest recesses of the mountain range. The Mormons prepared for an assault and waited for nightfall to make the attack under cover of

In the meantime the fugitives discovered he proximity of their pursuers and made the proximity of their pursuers and made their escape, leaving the women behind in a cave which had been fitted up as a dwelling and a hiding place for booty. The women were found to be unharmed, except that they had been baldly injured by the arduous and rapid journey. The rurales continued in pursuit of the outlaws, but the Mormons remained behind and searched the cave. They found a large quantity of solid silver bars worth thousands of dollars, which had evidently been stolen in times past from pack trains thousands of dollars, which had evidently been stolen in times past from pack trains carrying bullion through the mountains. When Hemphill left the village it was the general opinion that Colorado and his band had made good their escape.

REFUSE TO INDORSE FAGAN. New England Society of Orange Has No Use for Equal Taxation Resolutions.

ORANGE, N. J., April 3.-The New England Society of Orange last night repudiated the equal taxation plan by refusing to pass the resolutions of the Newark Board of Trade. A motion to refer the matter to the public welfere committee was also lost, and even when the resoluwas also lost, and even when the resolu-tions minus the whereases and all the sting were moved, their passage was defeated.

The Rev. Adolph Roeder presented the resolutions and fought hard to have them indorsed. He was supported by Henry G. Atwater and Frederick W. Kelsey. Cole-man E. Kissam said he thought the reso-lutions "were an insult to the Legislature," "very badly drawn," and that "nothing could be gained by insulting the Legis-lature." The feeling of members of the society seemed to be that Mayor Mark Fagan ought not to be "patted on the back" by

HUNGRY RUNAWAY.

Police Feed Him and Then Send Him to the Gerry Society.

A bright faced thirteen-year-old boy walked into the Arsenal in Central Park last night and told Sergt. Kelly that he was John Wynan and that he wanted some-thing to eat. He said he had been wander-ing around the city for several days. His home was in Bristol, Pa., he said. His father had taken him to Elizabeth, N. J., to beg, and rather than do it he had run away.

Is Buried With Honors. The funeral yesterday morning of Sophia Karp, the prima donna of the Jewish theatre in Grand street, brought down to the East Side such an array of police as has probably never been called out to handle crowd since the Dewey parade. When Jacob Adler, the manager of the Grand Theatre, applied at Police Headquarters on Saturday for a permit for the parade he so impressed Inspector Scamittberger with his estimate of the crowds that would flock to the funeral that 450 men were ordered to report to the captains of the Eldridge, Delancey and Fifth street stations 7:45 o'clock yesterday morning for duty

along the line of march. When the funeral started for the actress's esidence, 65 Seventh street, at 8:30 o'clock residence, 65 Seventh street, at 8:30 o'clock, there was a crowd massed about the building of about the proportions usually called out by a one alarm fire. The line of march was down Second avenue and Chrystie street to Rivington street, to the Bowery, to Grand street, to Eldridge street, to Broome street, thence to Clinton street and the new Williamsburg Bridge. All along this route the police were strung out, nine to a block out, nine to a block.

The inspector himself in a new Easter op-coat led the procession at the head of a file of police. Then came the managers a file of police. Then came the managers of all the Jewish theatres, marching two and two abreast of the hearse, the family of the dead woman and the members of the Hebrew Actors' Protective Association, the Ushers' Union, the Musicians' Union and the chorus,—about 250 in all—making a line two blocks long. There were forty conclusions most of them empty. were forty coaches, most of them empty.

As the line of police led the way along the route a small crowd gathered at each

successive cross street to see what was going on and the tenement house dwellers flocked down to the sidewalk.

Halts were made while a Hebrew hymn was chanted in front of the People's Theatre on the Bowery and the Grand Theatre in Grand street where Mme. Karp had played. At the Williamsburg Bridge those who were to accompany the body to the Washington Cemetery, Brooklyn, entered

the carriages.
"It was better to have too many than too few," said Capt. McDermott of the Eldridge street station after the reserves

A LITTLE EXTRA SEA JOB. The Tenedos Picks Up a Bit of Salvage and Has Hard Work of It.

The German Levant Line steamship Tenedos, which arrived last evening from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean by way of the Azores, has won a tidy bit of salvage for her owners, her skipper, Capt. Aubel, and her crew. Although she is a passenger carrier, having one voyager in her cabin and 134 in her steerage, she picked up in a stormy sea and towed into the Azores last month the Belgian freighter Clematis, bound from Antwerp to Fernandina, in ballast.

The Clematis had been out forty-three days and her agents had begun to think that she had foundered, when she appeared in tow at Fayal on March 21. She had had dirty weather, had broken her propeller and tail shaft and smashed her stern tube, and her after compartment was full of water when the Tenedos hove in sight on March 16.

The Clematis had then been drifting twenty-five days and had not been observed by any of the several steamships that passed her so close that her officers and men could plainly see them. She burned flare lights at night and flew flag signals by day, but they were not noticed by the

by day, but they were not noticed by the passing vessels.

The ship's company were mighty glad to see the Tenedos bear down on them. Three hawsers were broken before the Tenedos finally got the Clematis moving, at about a 5-knot rate, toward the Azores, 626 miles away. The Tenedos's crew were twenty hours in their boats passing

hawsers.

The Clematis had a spare tail shaft and propeller aboard, and her skipper expected to have them in place within a few weeks after the Tenedos sailed from the Azores.

A"MONEY OR YOUR LIFE" LETTER Monella Causes Arrest of Man Who

Michael Monella, an Italian importer of 239 Mulberry street, caused the arrest vestarday of Domenico Ceraso of 566 Seventeenth street, Brooklyn, on a charge of assault to kill.

Monella says that Ceraso shot him on Faster Sunday a year ago while he was on his way to church. Monella forgave Ceraso then because they were related by marriage. Monella thought that the trouble was

over, but he learned better the other day when he received a letter from Ceraso informing him that he would be murdered on Easter Sunday if he failed to send the "My aim was not sure last Easter," wrote

Cer aso, "but I will make no mistake this Ceraso, "but I will make no mistake this time if the money is refused."

Ceraso was arrested early yesterday morning at a meeting of an Italian secret society in the neighborhood, and Magistrate Whitman in the Tombs pelice court held the prisoner under \$3,000 bonds for examination on Tuesday.

mation on luesday, mella and Ceraso married sisters in before they came to this country, then, Monella has prespered, but Ceraso has not. Monella says that Ceraso associates with a band of idle Italians who strive to extort money from their countrymen by sending threatening letters

GOT 48 CENTS DAMAGES.

Mrs. Zanner Bought Excursion Ticket: Found Boat Did Not Return.

NEW ROCHELLE, April 3.-Forty-eight cents is the amount just awarded in the Supreme Court in White Plains to Mrs. Emily Zauner, who sued John H. Starin for \$5,000 damages. She went to Glen Island with her five children and purchased an excursion ticket to New York. On reaching the Starin pier in New York she was informed that the boat would not return to Glen Island that night, and was compelled to get off and return home by By reason of the trip back on

trolley. By reason of the trip back on the trolley car, she alleged, she took cold and was sick a long time.

Justice Kelly said that the case was novel and that in his experience as a railroad lawyer he had not heard of one exactly like it. He ruled as a matter of law that all the plaintiff could recover was her actual fare home, and ordered a verdict of 48 cents. Charles H. Moxon, attorney for the rule that all the sould take an 48 cents. Charles H. Moxon, attorney for the plaintiff, said that he would take an appeal.

MRS. STROMBERG WEDS AGAIN. Widow of Weber & Fields's Old Conductor Is Now Mrs. Charles A. Sigmund.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., April 3 .- A number of well known theatrical people of Man hattan and Brooklyn journeyed out to Freeport to-day to witness a wedding. couple were Mrs. Natta Stromberg, widow of John Stromberg, the well known widow of John Stromberg, the well known composer who was for years connected with Weber and Fields, and Charles A. Sigmund of Freeport. The ceremony took place in the Church of Our Holy Redeemer, and was performed by the Rev. Father Charles A. Logue.

Miss Ernestine Cole of Woonsocket, R. I., was bridesmaid and the best man was Elliott W. Mansfield of Brooklyn, who was a college companion of Mr. Sigmund.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed the ceremony at Stromberg Villa,

450 POLICE AT HER FUNERAL. TRAMP EVANGELIST, HE SAYS

PREACHES TO YOUNG HOBOS FROM THE TEXT "GO HOME."

Means Their Earthly Habitation-Isn't Meddling With Their Destination in the Next World and Wastes No Time on Hardened Ancients Who Aln't Got No Home.

A scrub-bearded, uncombed man presented himself in THE SUN office yesterday, and taking an overworked copy of the Erie Dispatch of March 31 from his pocket, he put a soiled thumb at the top of a colum headed "Tramp Evangelist in Town." "Give that to the editor," he said, "and tell him I'm here."

"Yes, that's me," said the stranger to the reporter sent to the gate. "I'm the tramp evangelist." The reporter asked for more light.

"I'm the man, the only man, who is tak-

ing the gospel of salvation to the tramp that is, salvation from his evil life here or earth. I leave the recommending of the home hereafter to other preachers. I talk for is the home here on earth. Back to your home! is my cry to the tramp. And for that reason I don't make no effort after the old dyed-in-the-wool hobo; the chances are he ain't got no home to send him back to. What I'm after is the young fellow who is just beginning to ride the trucks. "You people here ain't got no idea how the tramp fever is spreading among young fellows, and it's the trolley car that's spread-ing it. You see for a nickel a young fellow ong it. You see for a nicket a young tenow can get on a trolley car and go off on a picnic. You couldn't do that when I was a boy. It's one of the temptations modern life is thrusting on the young. When he gets away, he spends all his money for lemonade and peanuts. And then he has got to beat his way back home on a freight train. He finds it so easy that he tries it again, and the habit grows on him, and the first thing you know ha's a regulation hobo."
"I learned all this eighteen months ago

"I learned all this eighteen months ago when I went off to meet a fellow that didn't show up and I didn't have any money with me and I had to beat my way back home on a freight. On that trip I met a lot of young fellows who were just starting out to be tramps, and I saw the awful temptations that beset them and I decided to do all I could for their salvation.

"I went home, sold out my business for \$12,000, and started out on the road as a tramp so that I could get next to these young fellows and steer them back into the path of righteousness. Since then I've beat my way all over the country. I've held meetings in box cars with the train rattling along forty miles an hour. I've sent about 500 boys back to their homes. I've bought them their tickets, new clothes

I've bought them their tickets, new clothes and meals.
"I spent the last cent of this \$12,000 last

week, and since then I've worked at the woodpile so that I could carry on the good work. Now, what I want to do is to interest some philanthropists in this work and hav a society started something like the W. C. T. U. There'll be a branch or committee, consisting of three women, appointed in every town and city, and it'll be their duty to save these young fellows.

"How will they do it? Oh, there are a thousand and one ways. I suppose they

"How will they do it? Oh, there are a thousand and one ways. I suppose they could hang around the stations, spot the young fellows on the freights and show them the error of their way.

"No, I don't care to tell from what town I came. I've decided to bury myself in this work, and so I'm just the Tramp Evangelist. But if you hear of any philanthropist getting interested in this society of mine, just tell him that I can be found at the Mills Hotel No. 2. I'll stop there while in town."

CIRCUS LADY ON PARADE. The Fraeulein Koubeck Drives Up Fifth

Avenue to Win a Bet of \$50. A circus lady in full regalia perched on high two-wheeled cart gaudy with parer flowers drove a black stallion up Fifth avenue in the morning sunshine yesterday to win \$50 and incidentally to gladden the hearts of the camera fiends.

Ste was Fraetlein Josephine Kouheck who does a middle-ring stunt. She appears in a pale blue picture hat and gorgeous gown of the same tint and puts her Trakene stallion, Sheiran, through his high school paces attached to a tall, white, flower bedecked sulky. A pair of trained dogs are part of the act.

The sulky's shafts arch over the stallion's back to meet at a pivot in the saddle so that

he is free to turn around without moving the cart, and there is no harness but the bridle and saddle. bridle and saddle.

According to the truthful press agent
Fraulein Koubeck's drive was the outcome
of a discussion of horsemanship with Fraeulein Mafalda von Korb, whom the circus
people have heralded as a Vienness lady of
high rank who is with the show for the fun
of the thing as the guest of the Huetterworm sixters heralded ridges.

mann sisters, bareback riders.
Fraculein von Korb contended, so they say, that it was all very well to manage that kind of a rig in the ring, but in the tur-moil of street traffic it would be a different

Fraeulein Koubeck had \$50 worth of con fidence in her horsemanship. She'd drive Sheiran and her cart anywhere. Cesar Guillette, who is the manager of the Huettermann sisters, could do no less than show an equal confidence in the opinion of Fraeuein von Korb. The property man held the

stakes.

What better time and place, thought the press agent, than Fifth avenue on Easter morning; so all the papers were invited to have their photographers on hand. Sheiran stepped his prettiest all the way up the avenue to Forty-second street and back to the Garden, the Fraculein wearing her heat ring smile and undiamaged by the her best ring smile and undismayed by the

her best ring simile and undismayed by the rattle of camera shutters.

Then the property man led her into the little patch of sunlight in the centre of the garden and handed her the real money, while the circus photographer worked his camera.

DEAF MUTE WEDDING. Ceremony in the Sign Language at St.

Francis Xavier's. James Dwyer and Margaret Lepper, two inmates of the deaf and dumb school of St. Francis Xavier's Church, in West Sixteenth street, were married at the church last night. Both have been pupils of the school since their early childhood and they have been sweethearts for a long

and they have been time.

All the mutes in the school attended the wedding. The ceremony was performed in sign language by the Rev. Father McCarthy, the principal of the school. He has for many years attended the sick and buried the dead among the inmates of the school, but this was only the second wedding.

ding.
R. J. Lepper, a brother of the bride was best man. He also is a mute. Miss Mully, a teacher in the school, was bridesmaid. Excepting Father McCarthy she was the the only one present at the wedding who had speech had speech.

TORE CAR MOTOR OFF. Passengers on a Bronx Trolley Line Have a Lively Few Minutes.

A Bronx trolley car bound west on 181s street ran over a stone between the rails at Elton avenue last night. The forward motor was torn from its fastenings under the trucks and was jammed against the rear motor. The car ran for a block before it was brought to a stop. Meanwhile the passengers had a lively time of it. The two motors in smashing against one another broke the flooring of

Miss Ernestine Cole of Woonsocket, R. I., was bridesmaid and the best man was bridesmaid and the best man was Elliott W. Mansfield of Brooklyn, who was a college companion of Mr. Sigmund.

A wedding breakfast and reception followed the ceremony at Stromberg Villa, east of Freeport. About fifty guests from Manhattan and Brooklyn attended the reception.

Mr. Sigmund is a real estate broker, and first met Mrs. Stromberg when he laid out a large tract of land at Freeport for her.

Many for the passengers were thrown in a heap and several women fainted. When the car was finally stopped and another broke the flooring of the car and sent pieces of wood flying in all directions. Many of the passengers were thrown in a heap and several women fainted. When the car was finally stopped and to be in need of the surgeon's care. She is Mrs. Mary Houlihan of 22 Lind avenue, High Bridge. Mrs. Houlihan was suffering from contusions and shock. She refused to go to the hospital.

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turers don't know what advertising is. They think they don't need it. They think "it is all right for Smith, the retailer, but no good for us."

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NEW YORK BOSTON

DROVE INTO ELEVATED PILLAR. Maddigan of Fire Company 23 Hurt-His Three Horses Uninjured.

Driver John Maddigan of Engine 23 ran his three horse team into an elevated pillar rather than hit an electric car crowded with passengers at Fifty-eighth street and Ninth avenue yesterday afternoon. Maddigan was thrown from his seat and so badly hurt that he went home. The horses were not hurt, but the two poles were broken, and the engine disabled. Engine 23, which is housed in Fiftyeighth street, west of Broadway, had

started for a fire at Fifty-eighth street and Eleventh avenue. When the engine got to Ninth avenue a "blind" car was being pushed down town by another car, which was filled with passengers. Maddigan says that he heard the motorman on the front car get a signal to stop at the uptown corner. He expected that

slacken the speed of his horses, but the ear went straight shead. Maddigan wouldn't have had any trouble if there had been only the "blind" car, but when he got to the tracks the car filled with passengers was in front of him. Maddigan yanked his team to one side and

the motorman would stop, and didn't

swung them into an elevated pillar. He was thrown over the heads of the horses and almost struck the car. Capt. John Curran and Engineer Biggins, who were on the back of the engine, were thrown off, but not hurt.

thrown off, but not hurt.

The two cars never stopped. The company, however, promised Capt. Curran that the motorman would be produced if he was wanted. Maddigan was taken to the accident ward in Roosevelt Hospital, where he had a number of cuts and bruises dressed

Then he went home.

The fire was in a 20-foot square one story building at 500 West Fifty-eight street, used by H. Baumeister, plano maker, as a storeroom for paints and varnishes. When the fire started there were a number of small explosions which scared the tenants in the adjoining flathouse. The firemen had the blaze out before much damage

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